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DESERET EVENING NEWS.

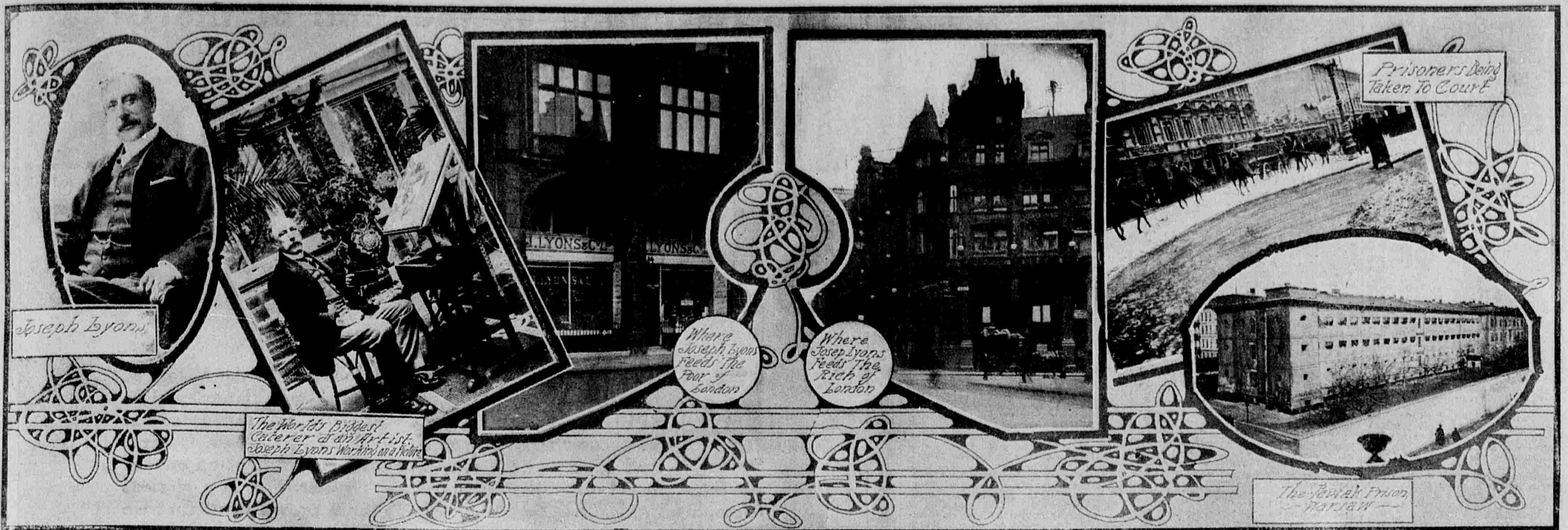
TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY JULY 27 1907 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

FIFTY-SEVENTH YEAR

Half a dozen lines of type may be the link between you and something you want.

PART TWO



RUSSIAN PRISON LIFE IS NOT DEAD

Here's the Other Side Which is
Now Told Regarding
Condition.

VERY STRIKING CONTRAST.

This Reads Quite Different to Some of
The Stories of Atrocities and
Brutal Tortures.

Special Correspondence.

WARSZAWA, Poland, July 15.—Much has been published about the cruelties to which Russian prisoners are subjected. The victims of such treatment are usually revolutionists. The prominence recently given to the tortures inflicted on them at Riga and elsewhere may have created an erroneous impression concerning the character of Russian prisons generally.

Russia is the land of extremes and contrasts. While it is true that barbarities unknown in other civilized countries are frequently practiced upon the inmates of Russian jails, it is equally true that the bulk of the prisoners confined in them enjoy far greater liberty and more privileges than is allowed those upon whom the law has laid its heavy hand in countries that enjoy a far greater measure of free government.



TOLSTOI, THE PEASANT COUNT.

Leo Tolstoy, most famous and best beloved of the Russian nation, a nobleman by birth but a peasant by choice; creator of great literary works and ardent advocate of his people's freedom, was recently falsely reported dead at his country seat and birthplace at Iasnaia Poliana, 150 miles south of Moscow.

Count Tolstoy was born Aug. 28, 1828, entered the army in 1851 and fought through the Crimean war, in which he distinguished himself. Following the war he was hailed as a hero in St. Petersburg, but soon tired of the life and retired to his home, where he has since spent most of his time. He was the first nobleman to free his serfs and for the past 30 years has led the simplest of lives, wearing the garb of a peasant and going freely among the common people as one of them. His principal works are "My Confession," "A Criticism of Dogmatic Theology," "The Four Gospels Harmonized and Translated," "What I Believe," "Life," "The Kreutzer Sonata," "Resurrection," and others.

With keeping the prisoners within the walls of the jail. For the rest they are allowed to do pretty much as they please. They make their own rules and regulations and enforce them to the extent of inflicting severe punishments, and sometimes even death, on obnoxious comrades.

OVERCROWDING IN JAILS.

The hardships they have to endure are due in the main to overcrowding, lack of sanitation and their own dirty habits. Roughly speaking, Russian prisons are divided into two parts—the wing or wings containing the cells and those where the larger rooms are placed. Formerly the cells were reserved for individual occupants; but Russia has so many prisoners, political and criminal, that even in the smallest cells three or four men are lodged. Those who can afford to pay a little are sent to the larger cells; the poorer ones to the common rooms.

These last are a sight to be seen. Imagine a room such as I saw in a prison I visited the other day, built to accommodate 20 people, but occupied by 60. The wooden shelf which runs around the walls is a bed at night and a table by day—it is littered with the worldly belongings of the inmates. Those who have come first have the right to sleep on the shelf, the later ones have to be content with the floor till there is a vacant place. The men are in various stages of undress. One, who cannot afford to send his washing out, or has no friends to do it for him at home, has washed his shirt in half a pint of water—beggared from the sentry—and hung it out on the tall white stove which stands in one corner of the room.

TYPICAL CASE.

Another is mending his nether garments with the remains of some thread he happened to have in his pocket when arrested, for he is to go up for trial tomorrow and being rather proud of his personal appearance, wishes to look his best. He is a member of a revolutionary society and took part in a train raid some months ago. He will be, in all probability, transported to Siberia, but the prospect does not affect his spirits, for he is joking with another man who is busy making himself some cigarettes. All in the room smoke, thus making the air as thick as that of London in a pea-soup fog.

There are no prison clothes and but few regulations. So long as a man does not "cheek" the guard or try to escape he can do pretty much as he likes. He can get up at whatever hour pleases him; if he does not care about washing nobody will persuade him to use the very little basin that stands by the door and looks more as if it served as an ash tray than anything else. He chooses to wake the night echoes by singing songs and if his chums don't object the sentry will rather like it than otherwise, as it helps to keep him awake as he tramps up and down the corridor outside. So in this room

(Continued on page fourteen.)

Can America Match This British Hustler?

Man Who Runs The Biggest Catering Business in the Worlds Paints Pictures that are
Good Enough to be Exhibited at the Royal Academy and Composes Poetry
That Gets Published Has Now Started in to Write Novels.

LONDON, July 17.—Americans are prone to imagine that they possess a monopoly of all the biggest businesses in the world. They do, in most lines, but there are some noteworthy exceptions, and for the chaste and the pride it is well that they should hear of them occasionally.

Therefore, I propose to devote this article to one of them, and the remarkable man who has made such a prodigious success of it.

Joseph Lyons runs in London what is by long odds the most colossal catering concern in the world. There is no aggregation of restaurants under one management in America that comes anywhere near feeding such a vast multitude daily. He makes it pay, too, handsomely. His company has just declared a dividend of 3 1/2 per cent, besides adding £200,000 to its reserve fund.

There are few companies in the land of millions which can show such profits as that. From the rank of a small public provider at provincial exhibitions Joseph Lyons has risen in 20 years to the forefront of the restaurant and catering world, and today the ramifications of his business extend throughout the whole of Great Britain.

But the most amazing thing about Mr. Lyons is that while building up this stupendous business he has found both time and inclination to cultivate his talents in directions remote from trade and commerce. He has solved the problem which stumps so many American business men of how to make a big pile without becoming a money-making machine. As an artist he ranks far above the average caterer, and his pictures are accepted at the best exhibitions in competition with the works of professionals. And now he has announced that in collaboration with Cecil Raleigh, the famous dramatic author, he has just completed a novel and expects hereafter to turn out three novels a year in the same way. Truly his claims to distinction are unique. It is as a business man he should first be considered.

HIS MODEST AMBITION.

"To feed every person of London's good胃, who is not willing to pay for it," is his modest ambition, to quote his own words.

Already, in his peaceful conquest of the English metropolis, he has captured 300,000 prisoners, for that is the stupendous number of the daily customers of the 120 Lyons tea shops scattered about London, and fresh ones are being opened every few weeks. But for them, as one does, at almost every turn of the principal London streets, they must be almost as familiar to the American visitor as they are popular with the native Britisher.

But while the appeal of these tea shops is directed mainly to people of limited means, Joseph Lyons has not neglected the higher fields of the culinary art. Every day scores of the London gathered in the lobbies of his swaggy restaurants waiting their turn to book seats for luncheon, for tea, for dinner. For the Trocadero, probably the most famous of the "Bohemian" restaurants of London; the Throgmorton, the Delmonico of the financial district; the Popular cafe, the gathering place of Mayfair's "550" on a spring bent; the Hickcock, the Bloemheim, the Victoria mansions and the Chalfis hotel are some of the big restaurants under the thumb of this wonderful little man.

CATERERS TO RICH AND POOR.

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Lyons sees nothing incompatible in his dual role—the catering for rich and poor at the same time. For instance upon several occasions Mr. Lyons has catered for the King and Prince of Wales, and yet so well does he understand the comparative poor that he is by general choice the caterer to a large part of hungry London. He contends that the same principle underlies catering for all stations of life and that success in one means success in all. But to an outsider such a state of affairs is hard to understand. Imagine if you can the same man running the Denon and Chalfis stinging restaurants and the St. Regis cafe, Martin and Sherry's in New York, and you will be able to form some idea of the peculiar position occupied by Mr. Lyons. The idea is absurd to the average man, yet this little man delights in trying the "absurd" and the "impossible."

SERENE CONFIDENCE.

But his restaurants form only part of his immense business. He is, besides, a general caterer, and no contract is too large for him to tackle with a serene confidence. He is perhaps one of his most interesting characteristics. A friend of his recently told me he believed that if some one went to Lyons and said, "Feed the world" he would take the contract. That is but one way of expressing the general confidence in the almost unlimited possibilities of his organization.

MANY IRONS IN FIRE.

He is, for all the world like the juggler who keeps half a dozen balls in the

air at the same time, for while he is feeding 300,000 Londoners he is providing for the visitors to the Irish International exhibition at Dublin to the number of many thousands, he is dispatching a corps of waiters and provisions to a remote corner of Scotland or Wales for some public or private function, his assistants to the number of several hundred are dispensing tea and sandwiches and cakes to the 80,000 spectators of a football match at Crystal Palace, and he is feeding the passengers at all the stations of the London, Chatham & Dover railway.

Mr. Lyons's well known willingness to undertake anything in the catering line has brought him some unique contracts. Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for Canada, came to him recently and said: "I am entertaining 2,500 guests in Aberdeen; can you provide a dinner for them?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Lyons quietly.

"But," said Lord Strathcona, "we have no facilities in Aberdeen for cooking such a dinner and London is 600 miles away."

"Leave that to me," answered Mr. Lyons with a smile.

HOW HE DID IT.

The day of the dinner arrived, and yet no preparations had been made in Aberdeen for so large a dinner. The high commissioner was visibly worried. Can you imagine his surprise when a special train pulled in from London bearing 600 waiters and attendants and the dinner ready cooked.

That is the spirit in which Mr. Lyons executes his orders and that is the spirit in which he accepts them. "Do not ask me if I can do it," he says, "give me your order and leave the rest to me."

GREAT ON DETAIL.

His most surprising characteristic is his many-sidedness. Here is a man apparently steeped in the routine and detail of extraordinary business activity, who declares his intention of devoting himself to fiction to the extent of turning out three romantic stories a year. Even with the aid of an able collaborator that would be a task in itself worthy the whole time of a man who gives his days unreservedly to literature. Nor is that all, for during all these years of organization and direction Mr. Lyons has kept steadily at a vocation he has painted to such good purpose that several of his landscapes have found their way to the walls of the Royal Academy, an honor denied to all but a small portion of the increasing number of men and women who make art their life work. Poetry has also occupied the mind of this versatile man, and tucked away in one of the drawers of his desk at home is an unpublished play which may yet brave the censorious ink of the English critics and make its bow to a London audience.

With such a multiplicity of contracts and the duties which they must entail, one would imagine that Mr. Lyons would be rushed to death, yet, despite the fact that he probably is one of the busiest men in London, he never gets excited and never gives one the impression that he is "hustling," as that is understood in the United States. I saw an illustration of this side of his character when I visited him yesterday. "I will take just 15 minutes of your time, no more," I said. In 10 minutes I was standing in the street outside the Trocadero, with all my questions answered and Mr. Lyons, with equal speed and thoroughness, was disposing of another visitor.

WORKS IN A CUBBY HOLE.

Just a word about the office in which he received me. It is but a cubby hole on the ground floor of the big Trocadero restaurant. In point of size it cannot be more than six feet long and five feet wide. It contains a flat top desk at one end, two chairs, an umbrella rack, and a constantly tingling telephone. In the 10 minutes I was with him, Mr. Lyons made three appointments over this little instrument and I wondered if that was a fair average for every 10 minutes in the day. From this room, where show and ostentation and elaboration, this wonderful man conducts his great business.

BELONGS TO CHOSEN RACE.

Mr. Lyons belongs to that race which gives a fair deal, pushes its way to the front everywhere. He is a Jew, slightly bald and wears jewelry. On the little finger of his right hand two rings with diamonds of bewildering size and color attract one's attention. From the folds of a black tie a diamond pin of equal brilliance vies with them for the notice of the visitor. He is affable, immensely capable, and, when men of the stature of the two chairs in the room, announce his willingness to do anything in the world he could for me.

He answered my questions almost before I had finished them and showed an intimate knowledge of the details of his business.

BORN IN LONDON.

"I was born in London," he said. "As a boy I drifted about Europe and even paid a visit to the United States, not

so common a thing then as it is today. All this time I was studying art with the intention of devoting my life to it, but 20 years ago, after looking the field over I decided that the restaurant business needed me vastly more than did art. It needed a revolutionary spirit, and in me it found the fulfillment of that need. I saw, among other things, that the visitors to exhibitions and places of that character were being fleeced by the men who were running the restaurants. The proprietors of these places seemed to think that after people had paid their admission fee at the gate they were legitimate prey and could be charged anything. When I came into the field I changed all that, and the principle I established then I have followed all through my business career. A large part of my success can be traced directly to it. I have tried to give the best quality and the largest quantity consistent with a small price."

FRIEND OF P. T. BARNUM.

My Lyons was an intimate friend of P. T. Barnum, and he has a great admiration for the genius of the late American "King of Humbuggery."

"Barnum was a far-seeing man," he said in speaking of his relations with the showman. "When he came to London I went to him and proved to him that I could give and was giving the best value for the money hereabout. He saw the ultimate advantage to his show and gave me the contract for the feeding of his visitors."

FEEDS 300,000 DAILY.

"Fifteen years ago I started these tea shops about London. Today I have upward of 120, employ more than 10,000 people in connection with them and feed 300,000 Londoners daily. At the same time I have been gradually acquiring my big restaurants, like the Trocadero and the Popular, until today I have almost a dozen."

I asked Mr. Lyons if he contemplated extending his chain of tea shops and restaurants to other cities of England.

"London is a field large enough for the most ambitious of men," he answered with a laugh. "There are 6,000,000 people here; when I am feeding all who can afford to pay for it I will be satisfied."

QUICK LUNCH NO GO.

"I have looked the field over," he said to me a few weeks before he began operations, "and America offers nothing equal to it. There are barrels of money to be made in the catering business in London, and I'm going to pull my barrel out of it. Look what Joe Lyons has done! He's a decent chap, too. I have had several talks with him and he doesn't a bit mind my taking a hand in the game. In fact, he was good enough to give me some information about conditions here. Of course, he has his ideas and I have mine, but London is big enough for both of us. American fare and American cooking are better than English fare and English cooking, as English stomachs will be quick to acknowledge when they get the chance. I'll give them a treat here and there, but it won't be long before I have several going."

Alas, poor Wymans! He spoke with Napoleonic confidence, but in London he met his Waterloo. His first restaurant failed, and then he tried another, and that had a still shorter life. Then the poor fellow went to Paris and died.

I questioned Mr. Lyons about Wymans's abortive enterprise.

"Such places are bound to fail here," he said. "The Englishman is a very different person from the American in the matter of his meals. The latter spends five minutes in eating his meal and 20 minutes in picking his teeth on the front steps; the Englishman spends 20 minutes in eating his meal and five minutes in picking his teeth. We do not like to eat quickly here and the so-called quick lunch has no attractions to the average man. We eat slowly and sparingly in the middle of the day, reading a paper or a book the while. We eat very much less than the Americans, and the portions served in the American restaurants, if placed before our customers, would sicken them by their size."

ERNEST L. HEITKAMP.

VIENNA'S MUNICIPAL ENTERPRISE EXTENDS TO FUNERALS AND BURIALS.

Special Correspondence.

VIENNA, July 12.—Municipalization, which Socialists say is merely Socialism masquerading as something else, is carried further here than in any other city on the continent. Not content with buying

out the principal undertaking companies, and monopolizing the funeral business, the city authorities have gone a step further. They have introduced a system of burial insurance by which folk will be able to shuffle off this mortal coil without putting their relatives to any expense. The premiums are so graded that the insured can arrange for simple or stylish obsequies, cheap or dear graves, a plain headstone or monument, the inscription on which he may himself select. If he desires it, by paying an additional sum, he may enjoy the felicity of knowing that for all future time his grave will be kept green.

All this is to be carried out through the medium of the Emperor Francis Joseph Jubilee Life Insurance company, an institution which forms yet another department of the city's municipal activity. The insurance covering funerals and graves will be divided into ten classes, the monthly premiums in which will range from 40 hellers (8c) to nine kronen (\$1.57).

The insured must be between the ages of 18 and 50, in good health, and not engaged in any dangerous occupation. In the event of death occurring within six months from the date of insurance the policy will be void, and the premiums paid will be returned. Separate insurances must be effected for monuments, the premiums for which will range from one kronen (20c) to 16 kronen (\$3.33) a month. And finally by payment of a capital sum the company will agree to keep graves in order and to decorate and illuminate them on the feast of All Souls in every year, so long as the cemetery is in existence.

This latest venture in the field of municipal enterprise is interesting for the various burial societies already formed in the city. And it also promises to be interesting for the monumental masons. As the city now owns extensive stone quarries, it is though not unlikely that its next step will be to take the business of manufacturing and erecting funeral monuments.

A MUSUNDERSTANDING.

In his bathing suit the little fellow was digging in the sand.

"Why, Jimmy," said a lady, "how tanned you are!"

He continued to dig sullenly.

"Did you hear me yell?" he asked, without looking up.

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LORD and LADY ROSSLYN at THEURS...

AMERICAN COUNTESS SEEKS DIVORCE.

The Countess of Rosslyn, known in this country as "the beautiful Anna Robinson," has brought action against the earl for absolute divorce.

The matter has been kept secret but finally gained publicity and it has come to light that the most sensational changes have been filed against the earl, who will probably not contest, in order to save from publicity the names of several women prominent in British society.